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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

Entered as second-class matter, June 29, 1917, at the Post Office at Norwood, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized, July 13, 1919
Boston Office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Vol. 74

July, 1941

No. 7

We doubt if ever Humane Week was so widely celebrated and given so much publicity through the press and the radio as this present year. In spite of all the serious trouble through which England is passing, it was generally observed there; also in Scotland and in other sections of the British Empire.

Years ago the beautiful wood duck was among the most attractive features in the scenery of our Massachusetts rivers and ponds. The guns of the hunters have almost wiped it out of existence. A movement is now on foot in Washington to open the season again to the shooting of it. Heaven grant that the movement fails!

Fifty years ago in Milwaukee a statue was erected to honor the memory of Henry Bergh, the founder of the first Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in this new land. Half a century later, during Kindness Week of this year, that monument was rededicated in the presence of some ten thousand people who had gathered for the ceremonies.

Congratulations to the Wisconsin Humane Society!

Marvelous things are being discovered in the laboratories where the devotees of science toil. To them, and to all who seek truth in its many forms along the paths of science, the world owes an unpayable debt. But what this sad world needs today is more and more the rediscovery of those fundamental principles that constitute the real substance of the Christian faith—man's love for his fellow, the spirit of an unselfish service, and the recognition of an Eternal life and an Eternal love over all and in all.

Doomed

HITLER? Is he winning? can anyone doubt it today? His forces move as does a giant glacier, crushing and grinding all before it. But Hitler is doomed, was doomed before he flew a plane or fired a gun or drove a tank. Why dare we say this? Because we live in a moral universe. Because all history testifies that no man has ever defied the moral order of this unseen world and not been crushed before its inexorable reality.

The quotation is old, it's time-worn, but it's eternally true "The mills of God grind slowly but they grind exceedingly small." Sooner or later between these grinding millstones of righteousness, justice, truth, the ruthless tyrant must be caught. Triumphant Caesar fell that memorable day, the Ides of March. The seemingly invincible Napoleon, the would-be master of Europe, died a prisoner in exile on the guarded island of St. Helena.

It may not be today. It may not be tomorrow. Time alone tells the day, the year, the century when earth's real victorious hosts have won the battle they had seemed to lose.

"They went forth to battle but they always fell.

Their might was not the might of lifted spears.

*Over the battle-clamor came a spell
Of troubling music, and they fought not well.*

*Their wreaths are willows and their tribute,
Tears.*

*Their names are old, sad stories in men's
Ears.*

*Yet they will scatter the red hordes of Hell.
Who went to battle forth and always fell."*

The Cost of Hunting

THE latest report that we have at hand tells us that there are seven million citizens who, with guns, are stalking our forests and swamps annually—the biggest army of hunters in the world. It is said that the cost to each hunter is an average of \$45 a year, and for arms, ammunition, clothing and equipment, the annual national bill is \$275,000,000.

If we are going to have gasless Sundays and be under the necessity of giving up not only some of life's luxuries but many of what we have been accustomed to think of as almost necessities, this \$275,000,000 for what is pretty largely mere sport, to say nothing of the animal suffering involved, might well be saved.

A National Gathering

The convention of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers was held in May in Boston, Massachusetts. Delegates to the annual gathering of this great organization came from far and wide. Such topics as Good Homes, Sound Health, Safety, Equalized Educational Opportunity, Conservation of Natural Resources and Human Values, Vocational Adjustment, Constructive Leisure Time Activities, Civic Responsibility, Active Spiritual Faith, were discussed.

We are glad to state that through the influence of our own humane worker, Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee of Georgia, a delegate from the Parent-Teacher Association of that State, one of the topics receiving attention was "That character-building organizations be encouraged," and it was as a part of character-building that Humane Education was given a place.

Mid-Summer

Brigid Barnes

For one swift moment all the world went mad,
Reeling and drunk, with winged clouds flying,
And color—green on green soft lying—
And shadowed aisles where sun and cloud had

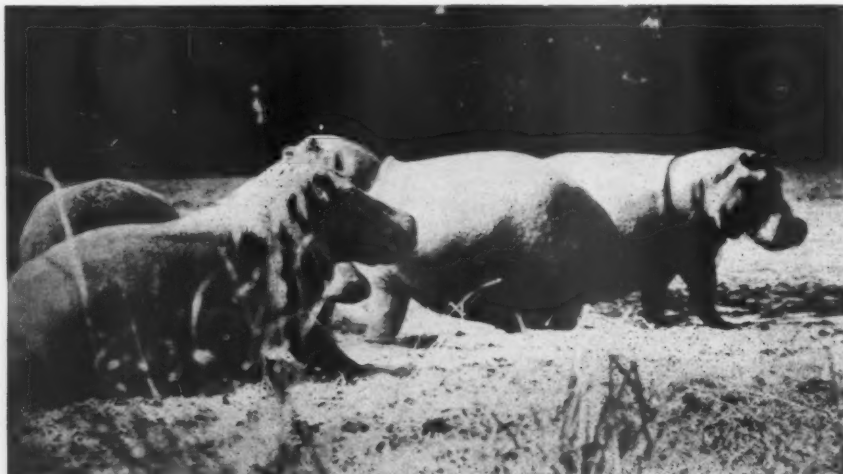
Tossed their myriad magics down. The trees
Were flecked with gold, and butterflies
Burned iridescent patterns on the skies—
There was no hint of any singing breeze.
Sound seemed dead, only motion and color flew

In dizzying summer madness blinding me,
Until, beginning like a murmured prayer,
A sudden wind with rushing fingers drew
The harp strings of the earth and strung
from tree to tree

Great chords of melody across the air.

The whole question arises, even when you are talking of animals of any kind, and particularly perhaps of the dog, as to whether they have any power of reasoning or act only from mere instinct. This is what Darwin says, "The senses, intuitions, emotions and faculties, such as love, memory, attention, curiosity, imitation, reason, of which man boasts, may be found in an incipient or even sometimes in a well-developed condition in the lower animals." And Darwin agrees with Agassiz in recognizing in the dog something very like the human conscience.

"The temper of a people toward animals can be judged from its sports. The Roman holidays were days of wanton cruelty to animals. Such days seemed an outrage to the Greeks—the Greeks, from Homer down, holding the chariot race the favorite sport, gave it a more or less religious character, and a dignity above that of a mere pastime."



HIPPOS IN KRUGER NATIONAL PARK, AFRICA

The Wild Yak of Tibet

V. T. JOHNSON

THE wild yak of Tibet is far more important than its name connotes. It roams high in the mountain plateaus, three or four miles above sea level always preferring the dry, cold mountain air to the warmer regions lower down. This perhaps is partly due to the exceptionally heavy coat of hair with which nature has endowed the animal to withstand the severe cold temperatures.

Long streamers of silky black hair fall from the animal's flanks, completely enveloping it and at the same time giving the beast a rather grotesque appearance. If the hair was clipped it would look much like an ordinary cow, except for the horns which are black and massive and have a tendency to curve upwards.

Domesticated yaks are commonplace in Tibet. As a beast of burden they have no rivals. Their great strength and endurance and ability to undergo hardships make them ideal animals to cart freight across the rough terrain of the mountains and tricky glacier rivers. It is at home here in its natural habitat.

However, since the animal is principally a grass eater and absolutely refuses to eat corn, this often necessitates long journeys to provide the right kind of fodder. In the barren and desolate mountainous regions it subsists entirely on the coarse grasses, and great herds of yaks can often be seen roaming far and wide in search of food.

Another peculiarity is its language—if animals have a language? Instead of bellowing like other oxen, it grunts—a weird, grunting cry that makes needles run up and down your back. It is such an unusual sound coming from so large an animal that you are forced to take another look to see what is wrong. Few outsiders are able to completely orientate themselves, and the animal's grunting cry always carries a note of mystery.

Havens of Refuge

EPSY COLLING

THEY ought to have havens of refuge," David Livingstone used to say. "Animals? Havens of refuge?" his listener would ask.

"Certainly, or these big-game hunters are going to be the death of them."

"Even hippos?"

"Even hippos," Livingstone would agree. "It's a small man that holds a grudge against an animal."

"How about lions?"

"Lions, too," the missionary-explorer would say. "They keep the old and diseased grass-eaters killed off. Otherwise herds die out. Africa used to be teeming with animals everywhere when I first went out. Now you don't find them in any places easily reached by hunters."

Livingstone, as he said, had no grudges against animals in spite of the fact that his left shoulder had been crippled by a man-eating lion in the Kalahari Desert. Nor did he have any hatred for hippos although one had upset his war canoe in the Zambezi.

His paddlers had inadvertently rammed a sleeping female and she had risen in wrath and tossed the great pirogue out of the water, tumbling men and luggage into the stream. Livingstone's agile paddlers saved the boat and most of the luggage while he swam to shore.

That story shows how common the hippopotamus used to be in African rivers. A man had to be careful lest he run into one. Now hippos have to be protected, and they have their *havens of refuge*.

Probably Kruger National Park in Eastern Transvaal has more hippos than any other African game reserve because it has so many rivers. Not only hippos but all other animals are safe there including lions and leopards, beasts once classed as vermin and hunted without mercy.

Another interesting refuge is Kalahari Gemsbuck National Park which embraces the great white desert Livingstone explored in ox-wagons and where he was bitten by the man-eater early in his career. Kuruman, an oasis town, was once the explorer's headquarters.

At first, it seems strange that many beasts can live on a desert, but the traveler sees thousands of gemsbuck (oryx) there as well as eland, kudu, ostriches, and lions. The grazers in the Kalahari Desert live on camelthorn, acacia shrub, and a species of wild melon.

Modern windmills pump water from deep wells to make artificial waterholes and oases.

Join the Jack London Club, and help stop the cruelty in training animals for stage or screen.

When Summer is on the Hills

Judy Van der Veer

*I shall remember this
When summer is on the hills,
I shall think how the white
Water roars and spills.*

*There is no other sound—
No wind, no bird song,
Only the leaping water
Foaming and strong.*

*Somewhere coyotes listen,
Somewhere the rain-wet deer
Wonder at the many sounds
Of water I also hear;*

*And wondering remember
The sweet pools they knew
Quiet as sky, reflecting
The sky's blue.*

*It is strange to think ever
Of silence on these hills
Where over the smooth dark stone
White water spills.*

Horse Not Forgotten

Contrary to general opinion, the United States Army certainly has not forgotten the horse. It has asked Congress for funds to buy 107,000 gas masks for horses.

The request was a part of a supplemental estimate made for the War Department and totaled \$3,800,000. It was submitted by the President during the latter part of February.

No, it's safe to say that the horse isn't forgotten, at least by the United States Army. In fact, it seems to have been well remembered.

M. D. CREHAN



RED-TAILED WESTERN HAWKS, THREE WEEKS OLD

In Defense of the Hawk

ALVIN M. PETERSON

THEM blue jays are bad birds," a man once said to me, uttering a word it hardly seemed necessary to use when one is speaking about birds. Some birds are injurious, perhaps, but not bad, at least not in the sense that they are wicked. However, it must be admitted that many birds do some harm, a small amount of harm and considerable good in most instances, much harm and little good rather rarely. Furthermore, before we conclude that a bird is harmful rather than the reverse several factors should be considered, not one or two.

There are few places where the crow, English sparrow, blue jay, blackbirds, hawks, owls, herons, and kingfisher are not in disfavor for one reason or another. Strange as it may seem, large numbers of people are sure to notice any damage done by these birds, but fail to see that there is another side to the picture and that most of them actually are of considerable service to us.

Much can be said in favor of hawks, birds some folks shoot whenever they get the chance. All told, hawks do comparatively little damage in the course of a year; on the other hand, they are our friends because they kill large numbers of insects, gophers, rats and mice, among the worst of pests.

Hawks surely do no damage in cities and but little in villages. The harm they actually do is confined to rural districts. The writer was born and still lives on a farm. During the past twenty years he has known of little damage done about his farm by hawks. True, these birds have destroyed a few bobwhites, three either in or near the yard, and a lone slate-colored junco. On two, possibly three, occasions he has found the remains of chickens that apparently had been carried off and partly eaten by hawks. Aside from this, no damage has been done by these birds against whom many folks are prejudiced and on whom they wage continual war.

On the other hand, one frequently sees hawks sailing low over fields, perching



YOUNG SPARROW HAWK

silently in trees, or flying about or above woods, usually far from farm homes, looking for other prey than chickens and hens. The worst pests aside from insects, potato beetles, plant lice, cutworms, striped beetles, grasshoppers, corn and cotton worms, farmers have to contend with are rats and mice, pests that do hundreds of times the harm destructive hawks do. Mice enter our homes, barns and granaries, gnaw holes, take food and grain, and otherwise do much harm. Rats are ten times worse, eating foods and grains in far larger quantities, gnawing more, undermining buildings, and even spreading dangerous diseases. When we fully realize that hawks destroy large numbers of rats and mice, we should be glad that we have at least a few of them left, though we well might wish that the number were ten times as great. The rodent problem on farms no doubt would be far less serious today had we not persecuted and almost exterminated our hawks.

There is but one common owl that does any damage worth mentioning, whereas we have many that are useful because of the rats and mice they destroy. Studies made by scientists at Washington have shown that hawks and owls are among

our most useful birds; the results of these studies have been published and are available to all of us, consequently there is little excuse for anyone being ignorant of the facts and destroying the useful species. It often has been stated that the only fair and safe way to deal with destructive hawks is to destroy only those actually caught doing harm and to let the rest alone. Were this injunction followed large numbers of useful hawks would be saved each year to do the good work for which they are fitted.

Mockingbird Manners

SUE DAVIDSON

Did you ever know a mockingbird to order its meals? One living on our place did that very thing. It came about in this manner:

This mockingbird had spent all of its life near the house. The back of one of the chairs on the front porch and a clothesline near the back door were looked upon as its especial property.

We have two cats, which are fed on the back steps. Now, when the weather turned cold, the bird decided to eat with the cats. Every time they were fed it hopped into the dish and secured its share of the crumbs. The cats seemed to like the bird and never bothered it, but we were always afraid they would harm it, and at first we tried to shoo it away from the dish. It paid no attention to us, and would not touch the bread we threw on the ground for it, but persisted in eating with the cats.

One morning, a terrible squawking sent us to the back porch for we were sure the cats had the mockingbird, but the cats were nowhere around. The bird was perched upon the line. It would bob up and down, and then fly into the air, uttering the worst sounds that could possibly come from a bird's throat. It acted like a small child having a tantrum. We could not imagine what was the matter with it until one of us noticed the cats' dish was empty. Bread was put into it, and the bird flew to the step. It ate until it could hold no more. Then it flew back to the clothesline where it sang a beautiful "thank you."

And the mockingbird ordered its meals in this way all the rest of the winter.

Bats are beneficial because they devour untold quantities of insects. One specimen has been known to consume 3,750 mosquitoes in a single night's forage. This country's bats are insectivorous.

Just how long our familiar friend, the crow, lives no one seems exactly to know, but there died this year in the Arnold Arboretum of Boston an albino crow which had been a continuous resident for thirty-nine years.

200110

Our Friend the Owl

JASPER B. SINCLAIR

WHEN it comes to character references, the owl must be just a little confused by varying human opinions.

Through many centuries of literature and folklore a lot of people have considered the owl to be a "wise old bird." Through those same centuries others have looked upon the owl as a bird of superstition and ill-omen.

The ancient Greeks and Romans were perhaps the first to pay tribute to the sagacity of the owl. They associated it in mythology with Minerva, the goddess of wisdom.

Ever since those far days, poets and prose writers have penned their tributes to the high I. Q. rating of the owl. They have even made this feathered creature a synonym for human intelligence by adding to our daily speech a half dozen familiar sayings along that line.

In spite of all these friendly tributes, though, the owl has also been the subject of some comments that were anything but friendly in tone.

Even in this day and age the owl is still looked upon with superstition and misgivings by many people. There are several reasons for this attitude.

The first is the silent flight of the owl, one of the most noiseless of all our winged travelers. He arrives and departs without warning of any sort. He is one of the few birds that can move his wings without that familiar whirring sound common to the flight of most creatures of the air.

Anyone will admit that it is rather startling to have an owl fly close alongside on a dark night, and first make its presence known by a prolonged and somewhat derisive hoot. That is one reason a lot of people dislike the owl.

In ancient times the owl came into disrepute because of its persistent habit of shunning sunlight. He is a bird of darkness, a traveler in the night. All night birds were once looked upon with much disfavor.

The Greeks, unlike other ancient peoples, considered the appearance of an owl as a token of good luck. As a result, they stamped its image on their coins.

Regardless of your personal opinions, the owl is one of the best friends the farmer has among all the birds. He devours more insects harmful to crops than almost any other bird. He also preys upon destructive rodents.



YOUNG SCREECH OWL
This bird is a friend, not a foe

The Owl

(In the Florida Woods at Night)

Christine Park Hankinson

*When the day is done and darkness falls
Against the massive forest walls,
And all the world is big and black
Except a little lighted track
The headlight makes along the ground
As wheels are turning round and round,
An owl from somewhere calls to you,
"Wha-hoo, hoo-hoo, wha-hoo, hoo-hoo."*

*The owl is wise, I've heard folks say,
And keeps his silence through the day.
But in the darkness of the night
He steeps your soul in Stygian fright
With words no human ever used;
With words for centuries abused;
But what this means I wish I knew,
"Wha-hoo, hoo-hoo, wha-hoo, hoo-hoo."*

That celebrated Englishman, Dean Inge, Dean of St. Paul's, London, said some years ago, "The last century produced a discovery nearly as important for ethics as that of the unity of mankind. Darwin and his fellow-workers proved that all life in the world springs from one root and that the lower animals are literally our distant cousins."

He also said that we had no reason to be ashamed of the relationship. It seems to me he might also have said that perhaps the animals might not feel so proud of the relationship.

Some Humane Hints to Benefit Animals

HENRY H. GRAHAM

MANY travelers, campers and others are interested in wild life. Most of them adore animals and birds. Yet they sometimes unwittingly inflict hardship and actual suffering on the wild creatures. Though guided by the best of intentions they do things that should be avoided.

Young fawns and bear cubs are cute, attracting the attention of all who see them. Yet sometimes admirers pick up the little fellows in the absence of their mothers and even transport them to camp to be petted by others. Even when the little ones are returned to the exact spot where they were found this is a bad practice. The mother deer or bear, as they case may be, goes back to the place where she last saw her baby. When the latter is nowhere around the mother is very apt to leave the spot for good and there will be no one to care for the young animal which is returned. It, therefore, becomes a prey for coyotes or cougars. Young animals need a mother's care for awhile. Thrown on their own resources they seldom last long. They should be admired but not handled.

Domestic animals, too, are not always well treated even though their masters have only the kindest intentions. Sometimes dogs and cats are locked alone in automobiles on hot summer days without even one window down to admit fresh air.

One August day when the temperature reached 105 degrees I saw a dog in a car parked on a city street. All windows were up. The interior resembled an oven or must have because my own machine was beastly hot. I was about to summon an officer in an effort to lower a window and make the dog more comfortable when the driver appeared. I

spoke to him about the matter and he said "Why, I had no idea my beloved dog would suffer. Had simply never thought about it. Thanks, mister. In the future I'll leave him in the shade at home when I have business downtown. I think the world of him and wouldn't harm him for anything."

It was just thoughtlessness, of course, but that did not ease the dog's sufferings. Should all of us not make it a point to help animals by warning their masters against mistreatment of all kinds? By so doing we can make it a happier world for our dumb creatures.

Snug, warm, dry shelters are necessary if animals are to remain healthy. Many people use the space beneath their back porches as kennels. Yet such places are often very unsatisfactory. Water seeps through cracks during storms, rendering the interior dank and musty. If these places are used as homes for dogs or cats they should be put in good condition. It is better to have a separate building for a beloved pet.

Do you ever turn away a stray cat or dog that comes to your back steps to be fed? I don't. I feed them and find good homes for them. Seldom have I experienced difficulty in placing animals. And somehow it makes a fellow feel good down deep when he befriends such needy creatures. Let us all show the same regard for unknown felines and canines that we would expect other people to show our own under similar circumstances.

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request local editors to republish. Such copies will be made good by us upon application.

Reason

Beatrice Krongold

*No desire for pretty clothes,
Or the noise of crowded places;
Her interest lies in wooded glades,
And the wonder in life's faces.
The little things are things she likes:
The laughing brook; the mossy log;
She finds such joy in little things;
Because she's wise—my little dog.*

Please remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. when making your will.

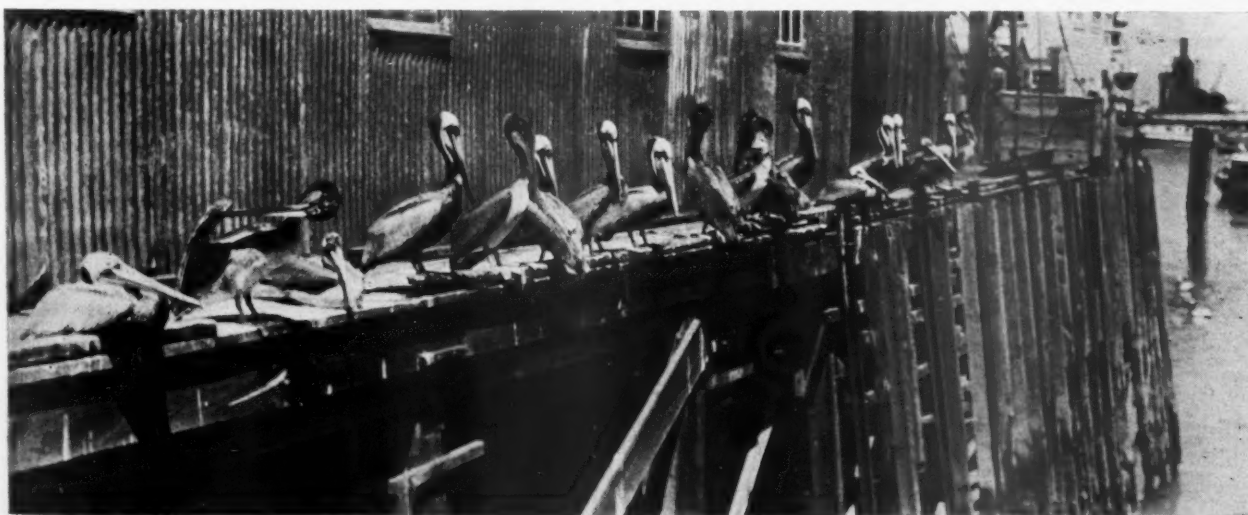
Pan-Handling Pelicans

BLAIR CHAMBERLIN

DUE to the worst shortage of fish in recent years, pelicans who make their homes in the vicinity of Monterey, California, have lately been suffering from hunger. The situation has become so acute that large numbers of the birds have been washed up on the beach, apparently having died from starvation.

Brown pelicans have never shown the intense fear of humans displayed by the majority of most wild birds, and their increasing hunger has made them bolder than ever. Fish dealers on Fisherman's Wharf at Monterey tell of one gray-headed old pelican who stalked around the fish sheds until someone took pity on him and threw him some fish. Disposing of the free lunch, he flew away to return a few minutes later with the rest of the local pelican colony, and they too started pan-handling among the fish-packing sheds that dot the wharf.

So far the pelican picket line has met with considerable success. There are few people who can resist the pleading stare of a hungry pelican, and the fishermen have been generous in providing free meals for the solemn-looking birds.



HUNGRY PELICANS ON FISHERMAN'S WHARF, MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

Goldfish Native to China

JEAN MURRAY

GOLDFISH are not always gold; some of the most valuable are practically white and one, the "fantail," is often a brilliant black. Another called the "fringetail" has an enormous tail. In the bright sunlight, it produces effects with its beautiful shimmering tail that are wonderfully graceful.

Strange to say, the one most highly prized in the Orient is the "telescope" goldfish, the ugliest of all. It has large bulging eyes. The Japanese are trying to produce goldfish with eyes still larger and more bulgy.

Goldfish first hailed from China and have been bred there since an ancient period. They still are found in Chinese waters in a wild state. It is thought by authorities on the subject that the Chinese kept the goldfish secret for many centuries and Chinese records furnish evidence of this.

How proudly the goldfish swim about in the water dressed in their suits of gold or bright red jackets with trimmings of silver or black. This proud little fish knows nothing about its ancestors that were so dull-colored.

The Chinese not only domesticated the goldfish but by a studied method over a long period of time, have produced numerous varieties and many fantastic and grotesque monstrosities with three and four lobed tails. These experiments carried on by Chinese fish fanciers since the eleventh century are almost identical with experiments carried on by our biologists of today.

There is an old saying, "Blood will tell." It is so with goldfish. Specimens that escaped from fountains in Washington to the river have produced young that are not the same beautiful color, but the old original greenish dull shade.

Goldfish made their first appearance in Japan and Europe about four or five hundred years ago. Madame Pompadour of the King's Court in France is thought

to be the first person in Europe to keep goldfish. People coming from China brought her a number of them as a gift. Madame Pompadour was the great leader of fashion and, of course, what she did was followed. Other people imported them and it was soon a fad all over Europe.

Goldfish have become so popular in the United States that about 20,000,000 are sold every year. Authorities say that the ordinary fish bowl should not be used because there is too little space for the surface of the water to reach the air. The best aquarium is one in which water plants are growing.

The male black bass really fathers his young. He builds the nest, fans it almost constantly to keep it clean and to circulate fresh water over the eggs, and protects the fry.

Fish at Home

ALICE GILBERT DUFFILL

IN central and northern Florida there are many ancient limestone springs that have their sources in deep underground seas and rivers. Some of these springs are small; some are as large as lakes. The largest of them, Rainbow Springs near Dunnellon and Silver Springs near Ocala, are among the largest fresh water springs in the world.

They are very, very old. Ages ago many of the prehistoric animals made their homes beside these ever-flowing water-holes. Great skeletons of the mastodons have been found buried deep within the spring. Today a few bears, panthers, wild cats, and deer, and many of the smaller wood's creatures live in the jungles near by.

Gliding about the spring in a glass-bottom boat or in a photo submarine, looking through water as clear as crystal shot through with many rainbow hues, we see the fish at home in a fairy underwater wonderland. They seem to be everywhere. They trail after our boat. They swim about in beds of rose, coral, and purple sea ferns, in underwater forests, and in aquatic gardens of gay water poppies as lovely as any gardens upon the earth. They hide in fantastic caves and grottoes carved by the water in the soft limestone. Hundreds of turtles, large and small, graze upon underwater meadows of woolly moss.

More than forty species of fish are found in the springs. Among the common southern varieties of fresh water fish are blue gills, perch, pickerel, pike, and different kinds of gar, catfish, shiners, bass, and sunfish; and among the salt water species mullet, flounder, shad, menhaden, and needlefish. There are also many varieties of tropicals, shrimp, crayfish and mussels, and an occasional alligator.

During the month of March a strange thing happened at Silver Springs. Enormous schools of menhaden appeared almost overnight in the spring. They had come from the Atlantic ocean, hundreds of miles away, up the St. Johns, the Oklawaha, and the Silver rivers to the spring. There were so many of them that the usually crystal-clear water looked cloudy.

Menhaden are by far the most abundant fish upon our Atlantic coast. In the early days the Indians showed the Pilgrims how to use them to fertilize their cornfields. The word menhaden means "fertilizer" in the Narragansett language. Known also as mossbunkers and bonyfish, they are seldom used as food by man but are widely sold for bait. Since they are an important source of food for the other fishes, no doubt the old-timers in Silver Springs have had one grand feast.



ANIMAL RESCUE SQUAD OF THE PEOPLE'S DISPENSARY FOR SICK ANIMALS, LONDON, AT WORK AFTER A DISASTROUS BOMBING OF THE CITY. IN ONE WEEK 7,241 ANIMALS WERE RESCUED IN LONDON ALONE. SIMILAR WORK IS GOING ON IN OTHER HEAVILY BOMBED TOWNS

Katy-did

May Allread Baker

"Katy-did! Katy-didn't!
 "Katy-did! Katy-didn't!"
 You affirm, and you deny, persistently,
 As you scold your heart away
 Till the night turns into day,
 Safely sheltered in the friendly maple tree.

"Katy-did! Katy-didn't!
 "Katy-did! Katy-didn't!"
 This the tale I hear each night when I'm in
 bed.

In your dainty coat of green,
 On the maple boughs that lean
 Near the open window, just above my head.

"Katy-did! Katy-didn't!
 "Katy-did! Katy-didn't!"
 What an artful little witch this Kate must be!
 Affirmation and denial—
 Have you put her to the trial,
 Little lawyer, in the friendly maple tree?

The Land of Trembling Earth

KADRA MAYSI

ALTHOUGH the great Okefenokee Swamp in Southern Georgia is one of the wonders of our country, it is little known and seldom visited. One hundred and ten years ago General Floyd led a small army into it and drove out a band of Seminoles who had taken refuge there. But their names and their legends linger in the twilight of cypress trees, along the maze of water trails where only a guide can find his way, and upon desolate islands where earth trembles underfoot.

We went into the swamp via Fargo and the romantic Suwanne River, at just the point where commenced General Floyd's march in 1831. As we stepped into the long, narrow pine boat—driven by a speedy outboard motor—a three-foot cottonmouth moccasin slid overboard beside us. But it was the only snake we saw in two days in the swamp. We were upon Billy's Lake, one of the largest bodies of open water in the Okefenokee. The water was sherry brown and still and reflections of the cypress trees made it appear terrifyingly deep. From every fallen log we passed, colonies of cooters dived and—with great splashes—alligators did the same. To us from the South Carolina coast, alligators are no novelty; but we had never seen them so numerous and so unafraid. They are protected by law, as is all other life in the swamp, and they seem accustomed to sound of the motors. Only one of more than a hundred which we counted seemed to resent our presence. He was over ten feet long and, upon the shore, had caught his gnarled head in the tangled growth along the bank. The guide drove the boat straight toward the



BOSTON POLICE HORSE PHOTOGRAPHED WITH HIS FRIEND
 IN CORRAL BACK OF STATION HOUSE 16

struggling saurian. He tore loose and cast himself overboard. Then he flung around in the water and deliberately struck at the boat with his tail, giving all three of us a shower bath.

Upon our first day we motored twenty or thirty miles and joined another party for fried fish (caught in the swamp) and "hush puppies" made of cornmeal batter and onions. Our water way led through dark lagoons where the cypresses shut off sunlight, along twisting water trails bordered by wampee, golden club and white and yellow water lilies, across water prairies six miles long. We disembarked upon islands which looked like solid earth but which trembled if a man stamped until the tall trees on them swayed. In these places a pole pushed down would reach mud or water after going through six to twelve inches of earth. Because of this unstable terrain—formed by falling leaves and mould of centuries—the Indians called the great swamp, sixty miles long by twenty miles wide, Okefenokee or "land of trembling earth."

But there are also real islands in the Okefenokee wilderness and, of these, Billy's Island is best known. For many years a small settlement of white people lived on it and farmed it. Other stable islands are Honey Bee, Broom, Scrub, Hog, Pine, Black-Jack, Fiddler's, Carry's Sock, Strange Island and Bugaboo. They and all the rest are haunted by legends and strange tales, but tales too long to be told here.

Endowed stalls and kennels are needed in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payments of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. For terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels, address the Treasurer.

A Toast to the Cow

THE Cow, *Bovine Benefactress*. The foster-mother of the world. She takes the grasses of the pasture and the roughage of the field and converts them into the most perfect food for man. In that food is a mysterious something which scientists have found essential to the highest health of the human race. It cannot be found anywhere else. The vitamins stored in golden, yellow butter—the nutrition packed in cheese—the cool, refreshing food values of ice cream—are each products of Nature's greatest food factory—The Cow. Nearest approach to the fabled "fountain of youth" yet discovered is the udder of the cow. Without her milk—children languish, the vigor of the adult declines, and the vitality of the human race runs low.

Not only is the cow a boon to humanity, but she affects the economic life of the nations as well. One out of five families in the nation depends upon her for a livelihood. She produced the greatest cash income of the farm last year—\$1,530,000,000.00—which makes her the big business of the American farmer. She is the nation's greatest "soil builder and mortgage lifter"—that is why the astute American banker respects her. There is no substitute for that which comes from the cow. The growth of good, sound bodies, bone, muscle, good teeth, depends upon the liberal use of dairy products, whether they come from the deep, white cloth-covered crocks in the cool spring house, or from the utilitarian bottle left outside the door by the milkman in the early morning.

—*Ayrshire Digest*

Oliver Wendell Holmes once said, "How greatly man is the omnibus of all his ancestors. All of them, good and bad, are running around inside of him."

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 189 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

JULY, 1941

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS, to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals*, are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about 300 words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 500 words nor verse in excess of twenty-four lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

It's the Old, Old Story

OVER and over again we hear, "Why give any money to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals? That's a rich organization. They don't need it." What is the answer? This:

We gladly and gratefully grant that our invested funds would seem to many smaller charitable organizations a generous amount. We must believe it is what it is because of the public's confidence in the management of our two Societies and the value of the work they are doing, and also in the three widely-known financial Trustees who for years have so conservatively and successfully invested and reinvested their securities. Nearly seventy-five years of recognized public service, it would seem, has warranted this confidence and the contributions received.

Suppose your expenses for carrying on any great, far-reaching charity, such as protecting hundreds of thousands of unfortunate animals from man's cruelty, gathering through the American Humane Education Society at least seven million children into small humane groups in the schools of the land, awakening and fostering in the hearts of these children the principles of kindness, justice, compassion toward all sentient life, human and sub-human, and so building up a citizenship worthy a nation's honor—suppose your expenses in doing this, carefully guarded against extravagance in every way, demand a given sum.

Then suppose all your invested funds—that is, your real riches, much of which are limited to the use of the interest only—furnished only sixty-two per cent of your annual expenses. How would you get the other thirty-eight per

cent? You would have to solicit it from your friends, from all the humane people you could reach by letter or personal appeal, and from any moneys given in return for services rendered. The fact also has to be faced that interest rates today on safely-invested funds are ranging scarcely half what they were some years ago.

How long would any great business or industry live if it received from its sales, its total income, only sixty-two per cent of its expenses? Either it would go into bankruptcy or be compelled to discharge many of its employees and cut its production till its sales at least equalled its expenses.

Year by year, in addition to expenses connected with work of the two Societies in the Commonwealth and in other states, there is a deficit of approximately \$40,000 in our Boston and Springfield Hospitals because of the services rendered for which we receive no compensation.

The work the two Societies have done, are doing and plan to do in ever-increasing service to life's lowlier children and to the building of a finer citizenship for the future, is the ground for their constant appeal to those who do justly and love mercy.

The Exhibition of Horses with Docked or Set-Up Tails at Fairs

OUR readers already know that the Humane Societies of Massachusetts secured recently the defeat of a Bill in the Legislature which would have permitted the showing of horses with docked or set-up tails for a period of five more years in this Commonwealth. Had this Bill prevailed it would really have annulled the Bill against this practice which was secured in 1934.

A letter from the Massachusetts Horse Show Council to one of the Senators who favored the passage of the defeated Bill, says that "the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals pledged to secure similar legislation against exhibiting horses with set-up or docked tails in enough other states effectively to eliminate the practice."* Whatever can be done by our Society, through correspondence or any other reasonable means, to secure such legislation in other states the Horse Show Council may be sure will be done.

The letter to which we have referred also says that "some shows have indicated that they plan to continue their programs without change, and to welcome the exhibition of horses with set-up tails on the theory that no regular law enforcement officer could identify a set-up tail." Just what is meant by

those words we are not certain. We do know, however, that any exhibitor of a horse with a set-up or docked tail will have to appear, according to law, at the show or exhibition with a certificate sworn to by the exhibitor and issued by the Bureau of Animal Industry to the effect that this horse's tail was set up or docked prior to September, 1934. Our officers, of course, will insist upon that and, if the exhibitor is guilty of perjury, the responsibility will not fall upon us.

* As to any pledge promising to secure similar legislation in other states, all that can be said is that the New York Society and our Society have agreed to do what they could toward accomplishing such a purpose.

Hillside Acre

The beautiful Small-Animal Cemetery of The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at Methuen, Massachusetts, was visited Memorial Day by over 120 automobiles containing from two to five occupants each. Many brought flowers, many came to look once more at the small marble stones that mark the various graves. Over 1,000 of these small stones tell the tale of those who have brought to this Cemetery their family pets to be buried.

Few human cemeteries on that day gave evidence of finer care. The large stretch of lawn was in perfect shape, and many wondered whether they themselves, or all that was left of them here, would find so attractive a spot when the end came.

The Cemetery cost the Society many hundreds of dollars more than is ever paid for the lot, the burial and the marking stone. What a lovely thing it would be for someone to start an endowment fund to provide for this annual loss!

Any amount given for this purpose the Society will carefully hold in trust.

June Day at Springfield

Officers from Westover Field were among the guests of the Springfield Branch, Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., at the annual June Day exercises held on the estate of George A. Bacon at Longmeadow, June 9. Supper was served from 6 to 7; a fashion show was presented from 8 until dark; motion pictures in technicolor of Sun Valley, Idaho, were shown at 9. This brilliant affair, always largely attended, was under the direction of Mrs. Carlton H. Garinger, president, and Mrs. M. F. Peterson, general chairman, with Mrs. Donald McGregor as co-chairman. The proceeds will be given to the Angell Animal Hospital in Springfield.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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ALBERT A. POLLARD, *Treasurer*

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W. W. HASWELL, Superintendent

Other Small Animal Shelters of M. S. P. C. A.

Boston, 170-184 Longwood Avenue

Springfield, 53-57 Bliss Street

Pittsfield, 224 Cheshire Road

Attleboro, 3 Commonwealth Avenue

Hyannis, State Road, Rte. 28, Centerville

Wenham, Cherry Street

MAY REPORT OF THE OFFICERS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A., WITH HEADQUARTERS AT BOSTON, METHUEN, SPRINGFIELD, PITTSFIELD, ATTLEBORO, WENHAM, HYANNIS, WORCESTER, FITCHBURG, NORTHAMPTON, HAVERHILL, HOLYOKE, ATHOL, TAUNTON, COVERING THE ENTIRE STATE

Miles traveled by humane officers ..	17,422
Cases investigated	286
Animals examined	4,523
Animals placed in homes	295
Lost animals restored to owners ..	87
Number of prosecutions	31
Number of convictions	31
Horses taken from work	11
Horses humanely put to sleep	26
Small animals humanely put to sleep	2,866
Horse auctions attended	8

Stockyards and Abattoirs

Animals inspected	53,875
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	51

ANGELL MEMORIAL ANIMAL HOSPITAL

and Dispensary for Animals

184 Longwood Avenue. Telephone, Longwood 6100

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HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

Springfield Branch

Telephone 4-7355

53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.

Veterinarians

A. R. EVANS, V.M.D.

H. L. SMEAD, D.V.M.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR MAY

At 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

Cases entered in Hospital	755
Cases entered in Dispensary	1,914
Operations	404

At Springfield Branch, 53 Bliss Street

Cases entered in Hospital	180
Cases entered in Dispensary	535
Operations	109

At Attleboro Clinic, 3 Commonwealth Ave.

Cases entered	66
---------------------	----

Totals

Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915	194,668
Dispensary Cases	490,814
Total	685,482

Veterinarian Column

1. Question: I think my dog needs worming. What should I give it to get rid of worms?

Answer: The safest procedure in worming a dog is to consult a veterinarian. It would be much simpler for him if you would save a fresh sample of the dog's bowel movement and give it to the veterinarian. By examining the sample of feces the doctor will be able to find out if the dog has worms and, if so, what kind of worms are present; thus governing the kind of medicine to give. Medicines devised to rid the dog of all kinds of worms at once are dangerous to use unless so advised by your veterinarian.

2. Question: Every summer my dog has sores develop on his body. The hair comes off these sore spots and they appear raw and moist. What is this condition, and what can be done to relieve it?

Answer: This condition is a form of eczema, and is believed to be caused by a dietary disturbance. This is not always the cause, however, and it would be best

to have your veterinarian examine the dog and prescribe treatment for the condition.

3. Question: I have a male Boston terrier that is fourteen years old. I wish to have him humanely put to sleep. What is the best method for doing this?

Answer: The method of euthanasia most commonly employed by humane societies is the administration of an overdose of an anesthetic. One of the modern anesthetics, nembutal, is being used more and more. It is injected intravenously as a hypodermic injection and the animal goes to sleep almost instantaneously. Gas is frequently used as its action is quick and painless. Chloroform is used with very small animals and birds. Any of these above-mentioned methods are excellent for your purpose.

4. Question: For the past week my cat, a female tiger, three years old, has been shaking her head and scratching her ears. There is a black waxy discharge from both ears. What is this condition, and what should I do?

Answer: The usual cause of this condition in cats is an infection with parasites. These parasites are little mites that live in the ear and are transmissible from one cat to another. You should have the cat treated by your veterinarian.

5. Question: I wish to purchase a puppy for my daughter. Where is the best place to get a healthy animal?

Answer: If you desire a registered dog you should write to the American Kennel Club, 221 Fourth Avenue, New York City, for a list of approved kennels in your locality. American Kennel Club approved kennels handle healthy dogs and their stock is registered. Caution should be used in purchasing pet-shop, or roadside kennel dogs. If you do buy a dog at one of these places, do so with the understanding (preferably in writing), that if the animal is not satisfactory in every way it may be returned within five days and your purchase price refunded. As soon as you get this dog, have a competent veterinarian examine it for the presence of any disease or abnormality.

L. H. S., Veterinary Dept.,
Angell Animal Hospital

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Springfield Branch Auxiliary—Mrs. CARLTON H. GARINGER, Pres.; Mrs. RICHARD A. BOOTH, Treas. Second Thursday.

Winchester Branch Auxiliary—Mrs. RICHARD S. TAYLOR, Pres.; Mrs. JOHN HAMILTON CLARKE, Treas.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell Incorporated 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

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180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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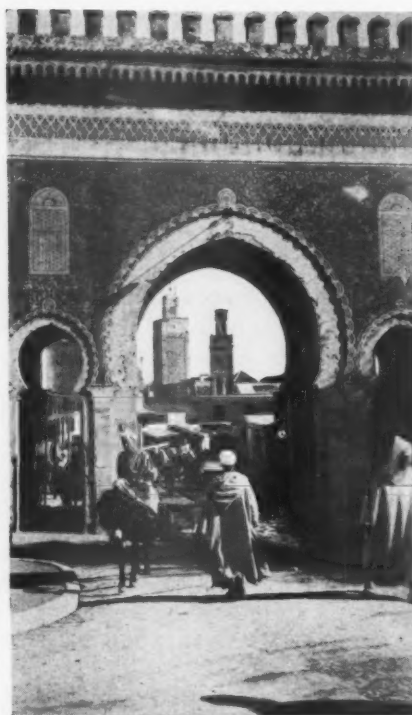
SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES OF FIELD WORKERS FOR MAY, 1941

Number of Bands of Mercy formed, 348
Number of addresses made, 228
Number of persons in audiences, 31,480

Retirement Fund

WE are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education. Already several cases have come to our attention and are being relieved in this way. We will welcome your contribution to this fund.

Please make checks payable to Albert A. Pollard, Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.



BAB BOU-JELOUD, LARGEST GATE OF FEZ, MOROCCO

Congratulations, Mr. Batra!

READERS of our magazine have heard from time to time of a fine work that is being done in India by Mr. S. C. Batra, organizer of Bands of Mercy. Mr. Batra was recommended to us very highly by a Yale professor who had come to know him very well in India during some months of residence there. Without any support from us, save from time to time some literature or Band of Mercy buttons, Mr. Batra has organized a large number of small humane groups amongst boys and girls from five to twenty.

Last February they had a contest in which prizes were given for the best speakers on the subject of kindness to animals. The prizes consisted of cups, medals and books and other prizes. Amongst them there was the Dr. Francis H. Rowley trophy for the school or college which attained the greatest number of winners. The one condition was that everything must be original. Subjects or poems copied from books or elsewhere were disqualified. Oratory was not required, but simplicity and sincerity were really what were to win the prizes.

Very attractive invitations were issued by Mr. Batra to a tea to be held at the Amritsar Hotel, Friday, the 7th of March, at which Mrs. C. P. Skrine presented the prizes. Mr. Batra is backed up by many of the fine educators in the section of India around him. His address is: Imperial Hotel, Amritsar, India.

The Work in Fez

WE have just received from Mr. Delon, superintendent of the American Fondouk in Fez, Morocco, a report for the month of March which is exceedingly encouraging, considering the state of affairs in Morocco and elsewhere due to the war.

He says in his letter:

"Life here is quite normal except that we are getting short of many kinds of food and the cost of living is rising to an awful proportion.

"It is a great chance that Mrs. Lyon (treasurer of the Fondouk) has succeeded in making an arrangement whereby the transfer of funds is still coming to us. We have been receiving money regularly and our work is getting on as usual, and we are keeping the Fondouk functioning in the best possible manner up to the present time."

Mr. Delon sends pictures of certain sections of the native city of Fez which are inspected, he says, by himself and his men many times a week. I wish we could produce them all. We do show one picture of Bab Bou-Jeloud, the largest and most important gate of the native city, inspected four times a week by Mr. Delon and his men.

The report for March follows:

Daily average large animals	39.4
Daily average dogs fed by fondouk	6.1
Animals put to sleep	3
Entries: 15 horses, 17 mules, 113 donkeys.	
Exits: 17 horses, 12 mules, 107 donkeys.	
Outpatients: 270 horses, 39 mules, 308 donkeys, 6 dogs, 2 goats, 1 cow.	
INSPECTIONS:	
Fondouks visited	449
Animals inspected	7,509
Animals treated	579
Animals sent to Hospital	141
Pack-saddles destroyed	15
Arab bits destroyed	90
Transported to Hospital	3
Sent by Police Dept.	42

Radio Plays in Tacoma

Two plays of the American Humane Education Society were used effectively on the air in connection with the Humane Week celebration of the Tacoma Humane Society, Washington. "I'll Never Hunt Again" was given by pupils of the McKinley Hill school, while "A Little Child Shall Lead Them" was broadcast by a group from the University Place school on a program directed by Doreen Hopper, with a dedication to the memory of "Kim," a beloved Airedale. These and many other activities were inspired by Mrs. E. P. Byrne, who spoke before the council of the Parent-Teacher Association and arranged for the exhibition of humane posters in each school room and distributed literature to schools and to ministers. She also spoke several times on the radio and interviewed Boy Scout officials, editors, and other civic leaders. The mayor of the city issued a proclamation in behalf of Be Kind to Animals Week.

A Plea for a Distinguished Austrian

MR. RUDOLPH DONATH, born in Vienna in 1898, once vice-president of the Vienna League for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and active in S. P. C. A. work, son of an officer in the Austrian Imperial Army, received a degree from the Law School of the University of Vienna, later becoming a member of a law firm, seeking new legislation for animals, now for two years assisting as a voluntary helper in the so-called Gilde-meester-Action, which is the most successful committee for the aid of Christians compelled to emigrate from their home country, is seeking to reach the United States.

Mr. Donath's maintenance here has been guaranteed by friends. The sum of \$350 is needed to bring him and his wife (they have no children) to America, and \$234 is yet to be raised.

Do you want to contribute toward this? If so, we shall be glad to receive, and transmit to the proper authorities, the gift.

An Excellent Idea

A generous friend of the Society, who for years has been subscribing for copies of our magazine to be sent to the schools in his city, writes, "I shall be glad to see in *Our Dumb Animals* the suggestion that people contribute toward the sending of copies of the magazine to the schools in their towns or cities. Perhaps that will awaken others to do what I have been doing."

He continues, "I believe that your magazine, placed in the hands of young children, has a lasting influence in making them kind to animals and also just and kind to their human fellows. The magazine then would not only go to the children but it would ultimately reach the families who cannot afford to subscribe."

We hope some of our readers will like



A PAUSE FOR A POSE

to follow this suggestion. Of course, seven to nine thousand copies of the magazine do annually go to schools where this number of Bands of Mercy are formed. This suggestion would certainly apply to cities and towns not reached by any of our workers.

Among the great humane societies of the World is the Scottish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Its 101st Annual Report has just reached us. Attention in the Report is called to the fact that one of the tragedies associated with modern sea warfare is the widespread destruction of bird life due to the enormous quantities of oil from sunken vessels which find their way to pollute the Scottish coast.

Multitudes of these birds drift ashore to linger often for days in a dying condition. Inspectors of the Society, so far as possible, put them out of their suffering, where their feathers are so heavily laden with oil that there is no hope for them.

Humane education is the foundation of all reform. If it were universally adopted, poverty, crime and war would be greatly diminished, and in time the vast amount of money expended to sustain armies, prisons, etc., would be saved for the benefit of the people.

Register your disapproval of the cruelty behind trained animal performances by refusing to be a patron and an eyewitness of them.

Backdoor Caller

Jessie Merle Franklin

*The gentleman who calls on me
At mealtime every day,
Is dressed in orange coat and pants;
He hasn't much to say;
He's never told me where he lives
Or of his kith and kin,
And when he's finished with his meal
He goes right out again.
I guess I should denounce him as
A shameless, poaching cat,
But somehow he's too dignified
And mannerly for that!*



AT TEDDINGTON ANIMAL CLINIC, LONDON

Our Aid to Britain

IN a letter addressed to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., Mr. Charles R. Johns, secretary of the National Canine Defence League, London, writes:

"The above photograph was taken outside the Teddington clinic. Like all other areas where the League has clinics, there is much damage to the homes of the people from aerial attack.

"The clinics have proved themselves harbors of refuge for dogs, cats and birds. These are treated when slightly hurt and destroyed when seriously injured. Many are brought (as in the picture) for temporary housing whilst their owners are seeking new homes when their old ones have been rendered untenable." The League is striving its utmost to avoid curtailing this practical and ameliorative section of its activities.

"You may be sure that we deeply appreciate the valuable monetary help you have given us and that it is helping to ensure that the work proceeds."

Horses on American Stamps

ALETHA M. BONNER

MORE than twenty countries have honored the horse by giving this faithful four-footed friend a postage stamp for a stable. While probably more than fifty per cent of all American philatelic animals are horses.

Anniversary stamps in the United States are legion, since the Post Office Department has given commemorative attention to outstanding events in national life, and it is in many of these commemorative series that the horse appears.

All postal adhesives are made at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing in Washington, and here are turned out many miniature masterpieces of artistic design and skillful engraving.

One particularly fine example of stampcraft art, featuring horses in action, is the "Pony Express"—a 3-cent henna-brown stamp, issued on the 80th anniversary of the inauguration of the Pony Express Service.

This commemorative cover depicts "a mounted *pony-express* rider leaving a relay station with a consignment of mail." The stamp was first placed on sale April 3, 1940, at St. Joseph, Missouri, and Sacramento, California—these cities marking the two terminals of the early Pony-Express postal route.

Another example, the 3-cent deep-purple "Constitution Stamp" (issued in 1938 to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the ratification of the famous document by the separate states), which has for its central design, a colonial-type court-house, with *two horsemen* in the foreground. One is in the act of mounting, and the other is galloping away on his sturdy steed, to carry the important news.

Covered-wagon days and horse-and-buggy days are two periods that have been given philatelic treatment, and the horse in harness is a familiar design on many past and present stamps. Prior to the advent of the automobile, the rural-mail carrier and his equipage appeared daily on the country roads of America, and December 12, 1912, a 4-cent stamp was issued to honor the carrier and his equine companion, both sharing alike in rural free delivery fame.

Gerald Cassidy's painting, "Coronado and His Captains," has been reproduced on the 3-cent purple Coronado cover of 1940 release; but the stamp might well be called "Coronado and His Horse," for the central motif, which is arranged in the form of a half-circle, pictures the intrepid Spanish explorer of the American Southwest (1540-42) seated upon a large white horse surrounded by other mounted members of the expedition.

Coronado's interest in animals is brought out in his quaintly worded report to the Mexican Viceroy. In describing the Southwest region he wrote: "The country is all plaines . . . there is most excellent grasse . . . for our horses as well to feed them in pastures, as to mowe and make hay . . . Here are many sorts of beasts as Beares, Tigers, Lions, Porkespicks." His narrative is of value since it furnishes one of the early authentic accounts of the native buffalo, incidentally, another philatelic animal, as "The Buffalo Stamp," a 30-cent olive-brown, was issued March 20, 1923.

Because of the important part that horses have played on the stage of national history, rightly should they share honors with pioneers and patriots, and be pictured on stamps commemorating America's cavalcade of progress.

Essential Ingredients

F. J. WORRALL

WITH the rapidly increasing influx of refugees, there is more than ever an imperative need for humane education in every possible circle, and particularly in our schools, for the children taught today are the teachers of tomorrow.

Many of them, impressed by the horrors of war, need the quiet and sustaining influence of humane and moral principles. They must be made to feel that spiritual forces still rule the Universe and always will in spite of what mere man may try to do. Sooner or later destructive agents must perish as they always have in the past.

Beneath the chaotic surface the roots of civilization still thrive, awaiting only the cultivation of stability—the ingredient of character that first brought it into being, reinforced by Christianity.

Upon us then rests a grave responsibility—far greater than that exacted for material aid and of which the American people have given wholeheartedly and unreservedly. It has been proved many times that kindly impulse has been stirred quickly into action with magnificent results.

It behooves each one of us then to play a part, no matter how small, in the return and preservation of the fundamental principles on which the American way of life is founded and which gives stability to character, security to life, and the preservation of happiness.

There can be no permanency to any of these, however, until the kind Hand of Mercy and Justice is extended to every living creature.

"Ossie"

ALFRED O. PHILIPP

THIS is not the publicity photo of a trained animal act. It's simply the latest picture of "Ossie," a happy young ocelot who has apparently forgotten that he's supposed to be a member of the "ferocious" feline tribe, and is now the gentle household pet of Mr. Adrian Hines, of San Antonio, Texas.

A party of Mexicans had killed Ossie's mother in a canyon near the Rio Grande.



"OSSIE," UNIQUE PET OF ADRIAN HINES, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

The frightened orphan had taken refuge beneath a stony ledge, and its swarthy tormentors were attempting to dislodge it with forked sticks when Adrian came upon them. Young Mr. Hines, who had been hunting fossils, persuaded the Mexicans to desist while he crawled in after the youngster. The little ocelot, now snarling and spitting, was obviously determined to sell his life dearly. But its capture was effected without injury—except to its feelings—when Adrian managed to throw his coat over the cub and secure it firmly in the garment. A few coins appeased the Mexicans, and Adrian hastened home with his new acquisition.

Mr. Hines is a hunter who never kills. His "trophies" are live "wild animal" pets, and usually they come to him through accidental circumstances. About a year ago a sparrow hawk flew against a telephone wire near San Antonio, and fell to the ground severely injured. It was carried to the Hines home by neighborhood boys who knew of his love for animals. Adrian nursed it back to health, and as it perches jauntily on his finger today its demeanor resembles that of a "love bird" rather than that of a predatory hawk.

But Ossie is the prime favorite, for the ocelot provides a superb example of the results that may be achieved through kindness and sympathetic understanding. Ossie appears thoroughly convinced that human beings are his friends, for Adrian believes (as do all animal lovers) that it devolves upon man to assume the initiative in demonstrating friendship.

The young ocelot is a handsome animal, and when full grown he will measure about four feet from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail. His light, grayish-fawn coat is richly marked with broken bands of deeper fawn edged with black. On the head, neck, and inside of the limbs, the bands are broken up into black spots and dashes, so that he somewhat resembles a small jaguar. The range of the species is quite extensive, for ocelots are found from tropical South America to southern Texas, but so persistently have they been hunted for the sake of their beautiful skins that they are now quite rare in the United States.

As a fitting commentary on the humane attitude towards wild animals I like to recall a remark of Adrian Hines to the writer, when he said:

"Many people appear astonished when they see how readily wild animals respond to offers of human friendship. I have never shared their amazement. I would think it strange, on the contrary, if they did not respond."

Tourists and admirers of the former nature student, Gene Stratton Porter, visit her home in Geneva, Indiana, on highway 27, only 38 miles south of Fort Wayne in the limberlost region of the upper Wabash and Limberlost streams. Limberlost Cabin is situated on the south shore of Sylvan Lake near Rome City, 32 miles northwest of Fort Wayne.

Peculiar Sheep

EWEN K. PATTERSON

THE domestic sheep is undoubtedly one of the most useful of the various animals that man has succeeded in bringing under his dominion. The art of taming animals and adapting them to man's needs was practised long before any written records were kept, and, consequently, the identity of the great benefactor of the human race who first conceived the idea of subjugating the sheep is unknown. We do know that the tending of flocks was one of the earliest industries of our rude forefathers.

It is believed that sheep were first domesticated in Asia many centuries ago, and although there is some mystery surrounding the origin of our domestic animals, authorities agree that they are descendants of several peculiar species of wild sheep still to be seen in parts of Asia and Europe. These wild animals possess characteristics such as are now to be found in the domestic breeds.

The rarest of these queer progenitors of our domestic sheep is the mouflon. This sheep was once plentiful throughout Europe and Asia, but nowadays it is found only on the highest hills of the islands of Corsica and Sardinia, in the Mediterranean Sea. It is about the same size as an average tame sheep, but is more antelope-like in form, with a short deer-like tail and large horns, and is covered with short, close-lying hair.

In Asia there are four kinds of wild sheep that are regarded as ancestors of our domestic sheep; these are the argali, the urial, the fat-tailed sheep, and the black-headed or fat-rumped sheep.

The argali is the largest and most majestic of all wild sheep; it lives in

Central Asia and is often close on four feet in height at the withers, while it is by no means unusual to see a ram with horns five or more feet in length, measured along the curves. The argali is of a light grayish-brown color and is closely related to the urial, which is found throughout the whole of Asia.

The urial is about the same size as an average domestic sheep, and its most outstanding feature is the manner in which it changes color. The under-surface of its body, legs and tail are always white, but the color of the upper portion of the body, including the head, varies with the seasons. In spring it is of a rufous gray color; in summer, fawn; and in winter, light grayish-brown.

More remarkable, however, are the fat-tailed sheep of Asia Minor, Syria and parts of Arabia, and the black-headed or fat-rumped sheep of Persia and parts of Central Asia. The fat-tailed sheep is characterized by a long broad tail on which fat accumulates to such an extent that it may weigh as much as seventy pounds, and is sometimes supported on a little wheeled sled to relieve the owner of its weight. In the fat-rumped sheep the tail is greatly reduced, and the fat accumulates in two great protuberances on each side of the haunches. It is believed that in both of these breeds the storing of fat is to form a reserve of nourishment during periods of drought. The fact that some breeds of our domestic sheep have a tendency to accumulate fat on the rump is regarded by authorities as proof that the wild fat-rumped sheep of Asia must have had a share in the ancestry of our domestic animals.



ON A SHEEP STATION IN AUSTRALIA—ONE OF THE LEADING SHEEP-RAISING COUNTRIES IN THE WORLD

My Dog

Willa Hoey

*He asks so little and he gives so much—
A scrap of food—a bed—a kindly touch,
And in return he gives, unstintingly,
A wealth of friendship, and a loyalty
Beyond my human power to comprehend,
On which success, or ill, does not depend.
For pettiness—he has no time for such—
He asks so little and he gives so much.*

Seeing-Eye Dog Receives Honorary Degree

FRANK E. CASCELLA

WHAT with so many blind young men and women graduating from high schools and colleges, year after year, it would hardly be news to point out that Joseph Melillo, 22-year-old Newark University student, was recently graduated with high honors in the College of Arts and Sciences. But, when the Seeing-Eye dog graduates along with the master, that, definitely, is news.

Such a dog is "Bonzo," pictured here with her blind young master, the first and only dog ever to receive an honorary degree from this university. The degree was conferred "for faithful services rendered," in recognition of the part she played in her master's brilliant scholastic career.

Inseparable and happy together since a day four years ago when young Melillo acquired the dog from the Seeing-Eye at Morristown, New Jersey, Bonzo has been showing signs of being depressed since graduating. But how can a dog live a normal dog's life with a university honorary degree tied to her collar?



JOSEPH MELILLO AND "BONZO"

The Blind Boy and the Bees

ALICE DE BEUGHEN

WHAT a pity to love bees and gardens and to be blind! But what a triumph to overcome this fearful handicap and give to the world exact facts regarding bees, facts which up to that time were entirely unknown!

This is what Francois Huber did, a Swiss naturalist. He became blind when a boy of seventeen. Francois belonged to a family that had made its mark in the literary and scientific world. His great-aunt Marie Huber was known as a voluminous writer on religious subjects. His father, Jean Huber was a prominent member of a group of people who surrounded the great Voltaire, and wrote a valuable series of observations on the flights of birds. He had a rare skill by which he could reproduce the likeness of Voltaire or others by clipping paper.

From an early age Francois displayed a great love of study. He was only fifteen when over-study caused him to suffer from an affection of the eyes, which gradually resulted in total blindness when he was seventeen.

Happily, however, for him, he had won the love and devotion of Mademoiselle Marie Lullin. Marie waited until she was legally of age, then she married him, and devoted her life to care for him until her death. It was only when he lost her, Francois said, that he really felt blind.

For many years too, he was assisted in his work by Francois Burnens, a servant, whom Huber inspired with his own love of nature.

With the use of a glass hive, so skillfully did the blind man carry on his experiments, and so carefully did his wife and his servant record their observations, that his book "New Observations on Bees," published in 1792, laid the foundation of all our present scientific knowledge about bees.

Until the publication of his book there were many fables about bees. People had always been interested in them, but knew nothing about their origin or life work. One group thought that bees came from the body of a dead ox that had been buried in manure. Others thought that they came from the decayed belly of a dead lion. Others thought these beautiful winged creatures sprang full-grown from the blossoms of flowers.

It was this blind student of Mother Nature who revealed to us the mysterious secrets of the hive. Among his important discoveries are aerial impreg-

nation of the queen, killing of the males by the workers, rivalry of the queens, the use of their antennae, origin of propolis and the ventilation of the hives by the bees in fanning with their wings which supplies fresh oxygen to the interior of their homes.

Francois died at the age of eighty-one in 1831.

Alaskan Ptarmigan

ELLA WILSON HILL

IF you have never lived in Alaska, it will be hard for you to imagine the great number of wild creatures in the big territory. The willow ptarmigan, a beautiful dove-like bird, is often seen in immense flocks in almost any part of Alaska. They are always dressed in the color of Mother Earth, whether it is white or brown or mixed colors. Like the snowshoe rabbit they show up in great quantities some years, and other years only a few flocks will be seen.

In the years of great abundance flocks of from 10,000 to 20,000 of these birds are often seen. But once, a Government official, who was very fond of birds and animals, saw probably the largest flock of ptarmigan that has ever been reported. It was in December, 1913, and not much snow lay on the ground, when this man drove his dog-team about fifty miles away from the much-used Yukon River trail. He was headed south-east between the Iditarod and Innoko rivers when he saw a solid carpet of hundreds of acres of these beautiful birds in their white winter plumage scratching away the light snow and industriously eating the little berries and cured grasses.

The dogs had seen so many ptarmigan during the day that they paid little attention to these hundreds of thousands. The birds hopped off the trail to let the team pass, but were not frightened at all by the dogs.

In order to estimate the number, the man counted the birds in one forty-foot square, and then drove along beside them estimating the number of squares. They covered nine hundred square acres which gave an estimated number of birds of over 400,000. In that same year as many as fifty ptarmigan at a time would fly into and light in one of the small towns, a very unusual performance.

Nature gives us some strange puzzles. The reason why so many ptarmigan appear one year and so few the following year is a mystery that no one has been fully able to solve. It still remains one of Nature's strange secrets.

Nut-eating animals such as squirrels do not open rotten nuts. They have an unexplained instinct that enables them to segregate good and bad nuts.

"Jo-Jo"

Dorothy McCurdy Thomas

They say he is only a dog and is dumb—
And yet, when I call him, I know he will
come.

His stubby tail wagging, he waits at my
knee—

I wish that all men were as faithful as he.

He never complains he's neglected and sad;
A pat of the hand makes him merry and
glad.

Unquestioning, trusting, wherever I be—
I wish that all men were as faithful as he.

He growls out a challenge if danger comes
near;

Each order obeys without whimper or fear.
Regardless of others, his faith is in me—
I wish that all men were as faithful as he.

Oh, yes, he is only a dog, you may say;
Yet I can depend on him, day after day.
I think this old world would a better place
be

If only all men were as faithful as he.

"Sandy" at Hospital Door

HE was just a stray dog. Nobody seemed to own him, or to want him. If there ever was a dog that was in need of a friend just then, "Sandy" was the one. It was last September that he was picked up as a stray and taken to the Springfield Branch, Angell Animal Hospital, given a good scrubbing, fed the kind of food little dogs like, and treated with abundant kindness. And now Sandy just cannot, and he never will, forget the place where he found friends when he was so desperately in need of them.

After a stay of a few weeks, Sandy was adopted by a fine family near the Shrine Hospital for Crippled Children in Springfield, nearly five miles away. Within a few days Sandy was missing, but not for long, as within a half hour or so a telephone call was received advising the family that Sandy was back at the hospital. The owner came down and took Sandy home a second time. Again Sandy was missed and within twenty minutes his owner received another call to come down and get his dog. And now the owner has to come down and get his dog on an average of five times every month.

The intelligence of Sandy is unusual, for the 5-mile route from his adopted home to the animal hospital runs right through the most densely settled and busiest part of Springfield, including two miles of the always crowded, always dangerous Main Street.

The accompanying photograph is by Frederick Ruther, staff photographer of the *Union*, Springfield, Mass.



"SANDY" AT DOOR OF ANGELL ANIMAL HOSPITAL, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Charles Dickens and His Dogs

AMELIA WOFFORD

CHARLES DICKENS loved animals and was watchful of those about him.

He did not care for rabbits and guinea pigs for pets, but permitted the children to have them under the strict condition that they should be well tended, fed regularly, the hutches kept clean and comfortable, and that the children should do the work unassisted by others.

Every morning before he sat at his writing table, he visited the stable and the kennels. At Gad's Hill, his last residence, the stable was occupied only by the children's pony and a sturdy horse that served the family in different ways for many years, while eight dogs occupied the kennels.

"Turk," a fine mastiff, and "Linda," a gentle, soft-eyed St. Bernard, accompanied the author on his drives and walks, but his favorite was "Mrs. Bouncer," the pure white Pomeranian belonging to his daughter Mamie. When away from home he mentioned her frequently in his letters. "Think of my

dreaming of Mrs. Bouncer last night, he exclaimed in one letter. "I send my loving and respectful duty to her," he wrote in another letter.

He had for her a special tone of voice which he never used when calling or speaking to the other dogs.

The other dogs were "Don," a splendid Newfoundland; "Gypsy," a mongrel of no noticeable qualities; "Timber Doodle," a small white Havana spaniel, which Mr. Dickens brought to England after one of his visits to this country; "Sultan," an Irish bloodhound, who, to quote his master, "fell into the ways of the family with a grace and dignity that denotes the gentleman;" "Bumble," the namesake of the beadle in "Oliver Twist," because of a "peculiarly pompous and overbearing manner he had of appearing to mount guard over the yard when he was an absolute infant."

What About the Blue Jay?

ROBERT SPARKS WALKER

It is amazing that the prejudice against the blue jay is growing so rapidly, and people are killing them by the scores. The reason given is that they destroy the eggs of other birds. When I ask them to describe their observations I find that none of them has ever seen a blue jay in the act, but has only heard that he is a criminal.

I have been associating with blue jays in the wild for a little over fifty years. I can say truthfully that never in my life have I observed one of them destroying the eggs of other birds. I do not deny that others may have seen such an act of the jay, but some people do not stop to think that birds are human in their habits, and that an occasional criminal may be found. I dare make the prediction that if we had the personal records of all the jays we would not find one in two hundred of the mean kind. It is just as unjust (or silly, I should say) to insist on taking the life of every man because we have had a John Dillinger in the race.

The Band of Mercy or Junior Humane League

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president. See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy Supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Six hundred and forty-two new Bands of Mercy were reported during May. These were distributed as follows:

Rhode Island	291
New York	123
Massachusetts	86
Florida	57
Georgia	46
Pennsylvania	32
Texas	5
Illinois	2

642

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 259,244.

The Library Story Hour

FIFTY-SIX children from the first to sixth grades of the schools in Simsbury, Conn., met at the local library on May 19 for a Be Kind to Animals story hour under the direction of Mrs. Everett Godfrey. The boys and girls brought toy animals representing animals in books such as "Peter Rabbit," "Lad" a dog, etc., for a week's story book animal exhibit. The national Be Kind to Animals poster was on display. Pictures of the scene were used in the Hartford newspapers. Miss Elna M. Hall, librarian, is to be congratulated upon her enterprise in holding this unique gathering which may well be duplicated in many other libraries to promote humane education.

Fitchburg School Prizes

More than 500 pupils in high and junior high schools of Fitchburg, Massachusetts, wrote essays on kindness to animals this season in the Putnam Humane Prize essay contest. Seventy-one prizes, of \$2 each, were awarded. The essay by Evelyn Ward of the Fitchburg High School was printed in the *Sentinel*.



CHARACTERISTIC SCENE IN OLD MEXICO

Practical Kindness

FROM a young lad comes this little story:

One noon as I was coming to school with two girls whom I knew well, we heard a cat meowing as if he'd been in trouble. We stopped and called him to see if he belonged to someone we knew, but he didn't belong to anyone around here. We kept on walking and he followed us.

One of the girls picked him up and we brought him to school. He was thin and looked sick. A while after he was in school we found a sore under his throat as if he had been shot. Our teacher told us to keep him and nurse him back to health. We named him "Tiger," for he was striped nearly like a real tiger. His sore is nearly well now. We're very proud of him now that he's getting well.

Every morning we say a prayer for the animals. It's like this:

"Our Father, help us to be kind, help us to put ourselves in the animal's place. Help us to do as we would be done by, to ease the burdens of the weary, to remember those in bonds as bound with them, to speak for those who cannot speak for themselves, and never to find our sports in the pains of animals or birds."

It is a very nice prayer. Sometimes when I am alone I say it to myself.

He Deserved a Prize

BELOW is the picture of a little lad under three years of age. It was sent in to the San Diego Humane Society which had put on a snapshot contest for pets belonging to children under the age of fourteen years. The little lad's name is James Milton Parfet, whose parents live on a ranch near Lakeside, California. That he will grow up a loyal friend of animals no one, from this picture, can doubt.



JAMES MILTON PARFET, LAKESIDE, CALIFORNIA, A VERY YOUNG ANIMAL LOVER

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Faithful Jim

NONA KEEN DUFFY

*I have a horse, a working horse,
I call him "Faithful Jim;"
He works for me, and loves me, too,
And I am fond of him.*

*I put him in a barn at night,
And brush him every day;
I give him water in a trough
And feed him oats and hay.*

*I do not whip my working horse,
Nor jerk the reins, nor scold;
I put a blanket on his back
To shelter him from cold.*

*I let him stand in shade of trees
Instead of in the sun;
I put him safely in his stall
When all his work is done!*

"Knee-Hi," the Educated Dog

MARION FRED A

KNEE-HI" teaches traffic etiquette. She is an educated dog who has taught more than 6,000,000 children how to play, walk and run safely.

Knee-Hi is teamed up with Dr. George E. Brunson, child psychologist, to help put across her message in safety to youthful friends all over the country.

Knee-Hi has demonstrated before school children in Detroit, Tampa, Miami, Jacksonville, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, Charlotte, Richmond, Atlanta and many other large cities in the United States.

This traffic-trained seven-year-old wire-haired fox terrier knows more about the meaning of red and green traffic signals and gestures of the traffic officer than do most 17-year-old humans.

Knee-Hi shows the children how to get off and on a bus or street car. She shows when to cross the street. She will take the ball away from children playing in the street and carry it to a vacant lot.

She was waiting on a street corner one day, ready to cross the street, when a lady ahead with a baby buggy was about to cross on a red light. Knee-Hi promptly caught her by the dress and pulled her back to the sidewalk, just in time to avoid being hit by a car which the lady did not see.

This safety-conscious dog is not all business all the time. She likes to mix business and pleasure sometimes and does take time out once in awhile to play a game of ball with children in a nice safe vacant lot.



A Charming Samaritan

RAYMOND DONOVAN

HERE is seven-year-old Beverly Diane Vitale feeding diluted evaporated milk from a toy doll milk bottle, with a little rubber nipple, to one of three kittens who were orphaned when only one week old by a careless motorist. Their owners, Bruce Vitale, ten, and his sister, Beverly, fed the kittens in this manner until they could be taught to lap milk from a saucer.

As was the case with the mother cat, these kittens will be trained not to catch birds by having them associate with baby chicks at an early age on the farm. The kittens will be placed in a run with the chicks and cautioned if attempts are made by them to injure the poultry. This identical method of training worked wonders in the mother cat upon whose back a bird could alight without being harmed.

What Do You Know About Nature?

Answers to questions asked on this page last month

1. The beaver. 2. Ostrich. 3. The cormorant. 4. The halibut. 5. Ostrich. 6. Female. 7. The dog. 8. Drone. 9. Animal. 10. The robin. 11. The cowbird. 12. The boar, hippopotamus and walrus. 13. Because of the extreme saltiness of the water. 14. On the cow's nose. 15. Yes, cases of rabies have been found among cats, foxes, wolves and skunks.

Prayer for Insects

Helen H. Beems

O, God, Who made the insects
We deem such useless things,
That flit about in sunshine
On fragile, gaudy wings,
That swarm around the meadow
When days are warm and bright,
That take no thought of winter,
That take no thought of night,

Who, when the summer's over,
Can neither live nor die,
When rains come chill and sun is hid
Cold and shelterless lie;
O, pity a crippled cricket,
A wasp with ruined wings,
A butterfly's broken fluttering,
O, God of little things.

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Keeps your kennels sweet and clean.
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We will try to please you.

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THE BELL OF ATRI

illustrating Longfellow's poem,
and

IN BEHALF OF ANIMALS

showing the practical work of the
Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the
Angell Animal Hospital. For terms

Address
Secretary, 180 Longwood Ave.
Boston

Being Kind to Animals

Editorial in News, Framingham, Mass.

WITH bombs falling on Britain, and everyone working for the Red Cross or giving to war relief, too little attention may be paid to the annual Be Kind to Animals Week, being observed this week. The thoughtless may say scornfully, "Why worry about animals when human suffering is so great?" But a forlorn person has a hundred friends where an animal has none; and surely thoughtfulness for God's humbler creatures will make us more kindly and thoughtful toward one another.

Even in beleaguered Britain, the Royal S. P. C. A. is making every effort to care for animals injured in air raids—and at the beginning of the war, one read of hundreds of English people who had their pets humanely put to sleep so that they need not suffer whatever horror the war might bring; while others refused to evacuate their homes until they were certain their dogs and cats, that had shared these homes for years, were cared for.

Just the other day we read that men of the returning Byrd expedition, rather than abandon the dogs that had been their companions in adventure for the past year and a half, put them humanely away, so that they would not starve in the Antarctic wastes when their loaded planes would not permit of their bringing them home.

Again and again we hear of faithful service, in war and peace, performed by dogs and horses. Who has not laughed at the graceful antics of a kitten, or been thrilled at a bird song on a Spring morning?

Animals ask nothing but food and shelter; they do not declare war, fight only when they must in defense of themselves or their young; kill only for food; and most of them make exemplary parents. Their well-known capacity for love and loyalty sometimes exceeds that of their masters, and many are the lessons one may learn from these wistful creatures so dependent on human kindness.

Most of our cruelty to animals is doubtless performed unconsciously, due to ignorance or thoughtlessness.

Liberal Annuity Rates

Both of our Societies offer you semi-annually during your lifetime a fixed income on the sum given. Depending upon your age at the time of the gift, the rate varies from 4½% to 9% per annum, beginning at age 45.

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There is no anxiety,

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No waste of your estate by a will contest.

* * * * *

Persons of comparatively small means may, by this arrangement, obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest and ultimately promoting the cause of unfortunate animals.

The management of our invested funds is a guarantee of the security of these Life Annuities.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A., or the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, will be glad to furnish further details.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office; 180 Longwood Avenue. Address all communications to Boston.

TERMS

One dollar per year. Postage free to any part of the world.

All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY
OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

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Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to The American Humane Education Society), the sum of.....dollars, (or, if other property, describe the property).

